

# Literary & Musical MAGAZINE.

Subscriptions received at No. 272 Market-street, between Eighth and Ninth-streets, Philadelphia.

## MUSICAL SKETCHES.—No. III.

### ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

In pursuance of our intention to notice every thing novel and interesting in the musical world, we have observed several newly invented musical instruments, which are spoken of with satisfaction in Europe, and from the experience and opinion of those who are competent judges of their usefulness, we are induced to speak of them.

"*The Patent Key'd Harmonica*," resembles a piano forte upon a reduced scale, being not above thirty inches long, and proportionably broad. It has a similar key board, to the extent however, of only three octaves, and the hammers, instead of acting upon wires, lead against them glass cylinders decreasing in size according to the acuteness of the corresponding note.

Thus any person that can play the piano forte is equally able to perform on this instrument—the higher sounds are particularly agreeable—and for an accompaniment to dances, rondos and other sprightly pieces, we consider this kind of Harmonica as very effective and pleasing. It is less applicable to slow music, because the sounds do not admit of being lengthened.

"*The Metronome, or Musical Chronometer*," is an invention of Mr. Maelzel, of Vienna. Its correctness and practical utility claims a decided preference over all the numerous attempts that have hitherto been made for a century past. This portable little instrument '*beats loudly*,' the vibrations to which it is set, and the scale being deduced from the divisions of time in minutes, is universally applicable and intelligible in every country. The object of it is two-fold: it affords to the composers of every country the means of indicating, in a simple and decisive manner, the degree of quickness with which their works are to be executed—and it accustoms the young practitioner to a correct observance of time, which it repeats with unerring precision, and according to any velocity required during the whole performance.

Mr. Logier, of Dublin, has invented a mecha-

No. 3.

nical apparatus, by which the hands and fingers of the Piano Forte pupil are intended to be habituated to a proper position on the key board, and which is held out to afford other facilities towards attaining a proper execution on that instrument. This apparatus he calls '*The Chiroplast*.' The several ingenious contrivances to which collectively the learned appellation of Chiroplast is given, are, '*the gamut board*,' '*the position frame*,' '*the finger guides*,' and '*the wrist guide*.'

"*The gamut board*," is to direct the pupil how to find the proper key for every note, and consists of an oblong board, which on one side has drawn upon it two staves of five lines each, one for the treble and the other for the bass, exhibiting the notes so written, that, when slid over that part of the piano forte which is immediately behind the keys, and which generally shows the maker's name, each note, with its name, will be exactly above its corresponding key.

"*The position frame*," consists of two parallel wooden bars screwed length-ways over the whole board, so as to be just before it, and admit the hands passing between them nearly as far as the wrists, by which means the hands can only move horizontally.

"*The finger guides*," are two moveable brass plates with five divisions, through which the thumb and fore fingers are introduced. These divisions correspond perpendicularly with the keys of the instrument, and may be moved and screwed fast to a brass rod, on which they are made to slide.

"*The wrist guide*," is a strong brass wire, projecting from the finger guide, so as to confine the wrist in a proper position, and to prevent its being inclined outwards.

It would, therefore, appear that the chiroplast is a musical stock, in which the hands and fingers are so confined as to preclude the possibility of faulty action or motion. The manner of instructing upon this system is most satisfactorily exhibited by a Miss Brown, who it seems was an early

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pupil to the chiroplastic art; and who now teaches with much success, adding occasionally the melody of a sweet voice, improved by the union of taste, with science and execution. Such an acquisition must be peculiarly desirable, particularly as there is so great a paucity of professional vocalists in this metropolis who teach this pleasing branch of the musical science. [B. Intel.]

[By our Letter-Box.]

WHAT MAID WOULD NOT WISH TO BE  
THE SOVEREIGN LADY OF 20 KNIGHTS.

Pleasant is the tale of other times—it sends my soul back to the ages of old—and to the days of other years.—

A NEW NOVEL.

The valley of Suzy was the most luxuriant work of nature—its walks were embellished by the fairest of flowers, and watered by the purest streams, which winded in inexplicable mazes; now gently gliding over beds of shining gravel; now loudly rushing as asserting consequence; then dividing into rills and babbling brooks, aiding contemplation. The fairest of its daughters was the innocent, soul-informed Eudocia—shaped by the hand of harmony, she was as superior to her companions of the vale, as they were to the rest of women—the glow of health and conscious rectitude, animated their cheeks with a bloom far beyond that of the toilette's most labored productions. They knew nothing of the refinements of dress—neatness and simplicity were their handmaids—unaffected touching graces, and the blushes of modesty their sole ornaments. The swains were distinguished for knowledge and courage—the chase gave health to their bodies, and music, painting, poetry, and the society of the Suzy maids refined their minds; they felt love, and stiled it not a weakness, they condemned not friendship as romance—nor did they dignify the mean actions of a sordid mind, by the term of prudence.

In this valley stood a cottage, too humble in appearance to promise wealthy inhabitants; too cultivated, too neat, to speak them oppressed by indigence, the warper and contractor of the soul. The sensible and benevolent madame Valere; whilst yet in the prime of life, accompanied by the little Eudocia, made it her retreat, from a world which had used her too hardly to leave her a regret at quitting it. Had she felt such a regret,

it must have given way to the self taught politeness, which springing from the heart, marked the manners of the inhabitants of Suzy. They did not officiously enquire into her affairs, but their courteousness bespoke her confidence and friendship, and assured her of a return of theirs. Her air was that of a person of distinction, and her conversation spoke her blest by a good and polished education. She talked of the world, not as one who, from disappointed vanity and ambition, had conceived a distaste for it, but rather as having experienced the fallacy of its allurements, and its insufficiency to procure that perfect satisfaction of mind, which its own purity, aided by religion, and a share of philosophy, only can bestow. Though she joined in the rural sports of Suzy, and mixed with courteous mein in its assembled groupes, she yet preferred its stricter retirement, and confined her intimacy to Monsieur Brenville's little family, which was only composed of himself, a wife and one son. He had served in the early part of his life, but like many others of equal merit, from want of influence or affluence to push himself forward, he saw those put over his head, whose fathers had been his contemporaries—he conceived a disgust to the army, at remaining a subaltern long after his services had claimed superior station. He retired and married an amiable woman he had long loved, and settled with her in the shades of Suzy. He soon became a father, and determined never to subject Theodore to those mortifications he had himself suffered. But in vain he strove to bend his mind to the mild lessons of peace—he quickly caught instruction—he with surprising facility conceived the most difficult problems, and accurately demonstrated them; he acquired with equal ease every language proposed to him; wrote in them correctly, and conversed in their utmost purity. But still abstracted from study, he reflected on the battles he had read of; on the godlike heroes, whose swelling deeds were celebrated by poets; themselves immortalised by becoming their recorders; and his young heart panted with emulative virtue. He sickened at the inglorious life parental peevishness condemned him to: often did he meditate an escape to wars and victories, whose fame reached even Suzy's plains; but then the mild eye of his mother, bent on him with melting fondness, as her first joy and hope, would arrest the half-formed resolve.



Yet he could not choose but repine at his mortifying fate—none could hush those murmurings but the youthful, lovely Eudocia. Her home was but a short space from his, and there he was often found half reconciled to tranquil retirement, by her soothing voice, soft and sweetly modulated tones, not to be resisted.

‘Your lively imagination, my dear Theodore, (she would say) undoubtedly misleads you—I know no more of the world than yourself; but still every thing confirms me in the belief of my mother’s assertion, that it is not desirable. If the court has such charms, why do the greatest statesmen, and most distinguished favorites, fly to retirement at every pause of business, to unbend the mind, and taste the blessings of quiet?’

‘But arms,’ said Theodore, a deeper glow mounting from his heart to his cheek, ‘but arms, my sweet Eudocia’—

OLERON.

[To be continued.]

#### SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

The following will, perhaps, be interesting to the reader, as well as useful; by showing the difference of one’s own zeal for christianity and that of the Israelites for their religion; ‘for by their fruits ye shall know them.’ I was, indeed, astonished at the incredible expense of the building of king Solomon’s temple, and have no doubt many others will be likewise, when they see the estimate; in making which, I have followed chiefly the computation of Villalpandus.

##### *Dimensions of the Ark and Temple.*

Length of the ark 300 cubits; (equal to 450 feet,) breadth fifty cubits, 75 feet,) height 30 cubits, (45 feet.) Length of the house which king Solomon built for the Lord, 60 cubits (90 feet,) breadth 20 cubits (30 feet,) height 30 cubits (45 feet,) length of porch 20 cubits (30 feet,) height 120 cubits (180 feet.)

##### *Computation of cost, vessels, vestments, &c. of the Temple.*

By Villalpandus’ computation of the talents of gold, silver and brass, laid out upon the temple, the sum amounts to 9904,822,350l. sterling, and the jewels are reckoned to exceed this sum, but will estimate them at the same amount. The vessels of gold consecrated to the use of the temple, are reckoned by Josephus 140,000 talents, which according to Capel’s reduction of the tables contained in them,

amount to 545,296,203l. sterling. The vessels of silver 1,340,000, computed at 489,344,000l. sterling. Priests’ vestments of silk, 10,000l. sterling. Purple vestments for singers, 2,000,000l. Trumpets, 200,000l. Other musical instruments, 40,000l. Besides these expenses, there were those of the other materials, viz. timber and stones, hewn and costly, and of 10,000 men per month in Lebanon to hew down timber! 70,000, to bear burthen! 20,000 to hew stones, and 3,300 overseers, who were all employed for 7 years! to whom besides their wages and diet Solomon bestowed 6,733,977l. sterling. Now if we estimate the wages and diet of their men, at 4s.6d. sterling per diem the sum will be 93,877,088l. The costly stones and the timber in the rough, I will count equal to one third of the gold, or at about 2,545,296,000l. sterling. The several estimates will then amount to 17,442,442,268l. sterling, which is equal to £77,521,965,636.

In order to give those who are not well skilled in numbers, an idea of the value of this sum, I will illustrate it by one example: suppose the city of Philadelphia to contain 15,000 houses, (the precise number I have no means of ascertaining at present) and each house to be worth \$30,000, the value of all the houses will be \$450,000,000,—now divide the cost of the temple, \$17,521,965,636 by this 450,000,000, the quotient is 172 1-4 nearly, which is the number of cities, equal to Philadelphia, that might be built for the money laid out upon the temple! Or, if we conceive the city to be extended from N. E. to S. W. allowing Philadelphia to extend 4 1-4 miles along the Delaware we shall then have one continued city 775 miles, (and equal in breadth to Philadelphia) sufficient to reach from Maine to Virginia along the coast.

J. HOLT.

#### ANECDOTE.

When Mrs. Robinson published her Sappho and Phaon, she wrote a note to Mr. Bowden, the news-paper editor, in the following terms: ‘Mrs. R— would thank her friend Bowden for a dozen puffs for Sappho and Phaon.’ By a mistake of the penny-post, this note was delivered to Mr. Bowden the pastry-cook, in the Strand, who sent her this answer: ‘Mr. Bowden’s respectful compliments to Mrs. R—, shall be very happy to serve her; but as Mrs. R— is not a constant customer, he cannot send the puffs for the young folks, without first receiving the money.’

# Do not Delay, my Love.

MUSIC BY "STORACE."——POETRY BY H.C. LEWIS.

*Allegretto.*

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time, marked *Allegretto*. It consists of six systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Do not de-lay to make me blest, And set my anx-ious soul

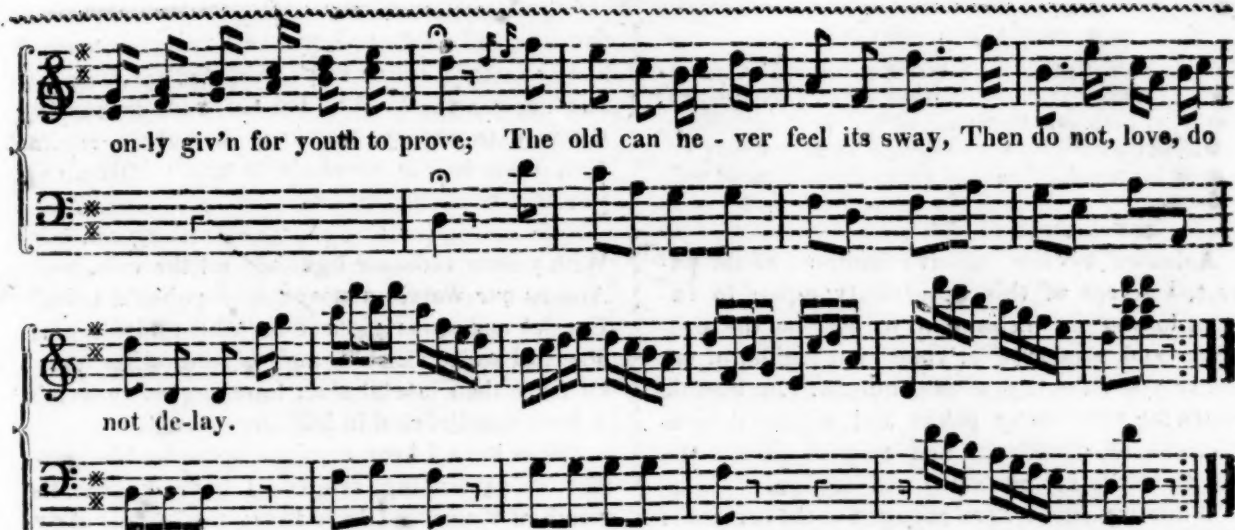
to rest; To chase suspense and fear a-way, Do not, my love, do not de-lay; To

chase suspense and fear away, Do not, my love, do not delay, do not de-lay,

do not delay, Do not, my love, do not delay. The heav'n of earth is mutual

love, And only giv'n for youth to prove; The heav'n of earth is mutual love, And





## II. Do not delay, to seize the flow'rs

Which only bloom for souls like ours;  
 And bid us taste the sweets they give,  
 While yet our warmest feelings live:  
 For soon the wintry winds will blow,  
 And bend their heads with coldest snow:  
 Then ere they waste their bloom away,  
 To make them ours, do not delay!

LITERARY & MUSICAL MAGAZINE:  
 PHILADELPHIA, MAY 10, 1819.

### GRAND CONCERT.

Mr. Christiani's Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, will take place next Thursday evening, when he will redeem the pledge formally given some time ago in respect to the perfection of his pupil, Mrs. De Luce, in the exertion of which, the public can not but be gratified to the full extent of musical delight and pleasure.

### THE POST-OFFICE—CONVALESCENT.

By an advertisement in a Baltimore paper, it appears, that the Post-Office has taken a course of *physic*, by which all its late afflicting *obstructions* have been happily *removed*. The authority we have for this pleasing intelligence, is a Mr. R. C. T. who writes thus to Dr. Hunter—"Two boxes of your pills, and one packet of your injection powders, came safe through the Post-Office, and I have the pleasure to observe, that the whole of the *symptoms* have ceased!" &c.

### POSTAGE ON PAPERS.

A late Post-Office law obliges subscribers to pay *quarterly in advance* the postage on distant papers. For information, we give the following

#### RATES:

Each paper carried 100 miles or any less distance, - - - - - 1 cent.  
 [Making a quarter's advance for a weekly paper, only 13 cents,]

Each paper carried over 100 miles, whatever be the distance, within the United States, - - - - - 1½ cent.  
 [Making the *greatest* expense to any part of the States, for *this* paper, or any other published once a week, only 19½ cents per quarter.)

Thus, it will be perceived that the *lowest* charge, is *one cent* to our *nearest*, and the *highest*, *one and a half cent*, per paper, to our *most distant*, subscribers. To avoid the unnecessary expense of having the papers brought from the Post-Office at the place of their destination, to the houses of subscribers, by *letter-carriers*, whose fees nearly double that of the *mail-charge*, it is only necessary to leave a *written notice* with the Post-Master to retain the papers in his office until there called for.

By attending to this, persons in the most remote parts of the United States, where there is a Post-Office, can obtain the "Weekly Literary and Musical Magazine," almost on the same terms as subscribers in this city—the difference only amounting as above stated, to *nineteen and a half cents*—and to others more convenient, only *thirteen*, every three months.

¶ The only way to *insure* the papers regularly, is, to make regular remittances of their subscription-money, POST PAID, which, when *five or six persons join together*, can be done in *one letter*, which, again, makes even *this* expence, to them, but a mere trifle. ¶ No letters whatever, unless post-paid, are ever taken out of the post-office, by the editor of this paper: if therefore any remittance be made in this manner, it must be at the loss of the person neglecting to comply with the terms of publication, as *the paper will be stopped* in all cases where a quarter's subscription is not paid within ten days after it becomes due.

## MR. M'BAIN'S ADDRESS.

Tho we do not meddle in *politics*, still we cannot avoid giving the reader a rich treat of eloquence, which, before the perusal of the first paragraph, will certainly be acknowledged to be the very climax of modesty capped with the diadem of diffidence.

## MY COUNTRYMEN,

Actuated by the coercive emotions of the patriot, I accept of this opportunity again to express to you my inclination to become the protector and preserver of your civil rights; of my ability you do not, you cannot doubt. In humble return for your many public and private demonstrations of confidence and respect, permit me thus to testify my gratitude and esteem.

While my limbs were engaged in the service of our country—while their vigor and firmness were decaying, the ornaments of the MIND were brightened by the collision of ideas. While the soul has been electrified in the thunders of war, whirled in the vortex of revolution, and at last intensely devoted to the organisation of a republic, experience and reflection, study and application, have caused the hero of patriotism to become more enlightened by her enlivening rays.

The chilly lakes of the north, the scorching sands of the south, the bleak, blue mountains of the east, the humid plains of the west, have not alone wondered at my noble daring in battle—but the cerulean fields of Neptune, the engulfing waves of the ocean, and the mural shores of many nations, have witnessed the valor of my arm, and re-echoed the thunder of our cannon.

My friends—I was first aroused by the rude clamor of war, when "bloodily the sun began to peer above you dusky hill." The toil for liberty kept me watchful, and since the sombre shades of independence have forced on us the slumbering contentment of peace, diffusing the calm of solitude around me, amid "the dull pursuits of civil life," I am still awake to your happiness and prosperity. If, therefore, these can be augmented by my talents and assiduity in the impartial effusion of justice, I shall act with the same happiness and effect, if elected to the office of assistant judge.

I would not, my countrymen, have you imagine that pen and paper are the only testimony of my capacity and eloquence. Ask the soldier, whose tongue directed him to the fight? Whose

courage inflamed, and whose conduct sustained him in battle? Whose voice animated the fatigued, fainting warrior? Who led the van, in carving the way to victory, "seeking the bubble, reputation, even in the cannon's mouth?" Often, my peaceful countrymen, has

"The setting sun  
With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale,  
And as our warriors moved each polish'd helm,  
Corset and spear, glanced back his gilded beams,  
The hill we've climb'd, and, halting at its top,  
Of more than mortal size, towering we've seem'd  
A host angelic, clad in burning arms."

Often have I been engaged in the doubtful conflict of contending armies—I have known the worth of victory—I have heard the groans of dying brothers—I have seen my own veins' crimson fluid flowing—who, then, so richly deserves the civic honors, as the one who so dearly purchased our liberties and defended our rights?

I remain, my countrymen,

Your soldier and friend,

And, I hope, Assistant Judge.

JOHN M'BAIN.

## ANECDOTE.

When John Bunyan, author of the Pilgrim's Progress, was in Shrewsbury goal, for preaching and praying, a gentleman who knew his abhorrence of any thing that sounded as popish, and wished to play upon his peculiarity, one 25th of December sent his servant to the poor preacher, and desired his acceptance of a large mince-pie. John seizing the pastry, desired the fellow to thank his master, and 'tell him,' added the old tinker, 'I have lived long enough, and am now hungry enough, to know the difference between Christmas and pie.'

## TO AN ELDERLY COQUETTE.

Ah! Julia! no more at each party and ball,

You shine the gay queen of the hour;

The lip, that alluringly smiled upon all,

Finds none to acknowledge its power.

No longer the hearts of the Dandies you break,

No poet adores you in numbers;

No billetsdoux sweeten, nor serenades break,

The peaceful repose of your slumbers.

Dissipation has clouded those eloquent eyes,

That sparkled like gems of the ocean;

Thy bosom is fair—but its billowy rise

Awakens no kindred commotion:



And pale are those rubies of rapture, where love  
Had shower'd his sweetest of blisses;  
And the wrinkles which time has implanted above,  
Are cover'd in vain with false tresses.  
The autumn is on thee—fell scandal prepares  
To hasten the wane of thy glory;  
Too soon disappointment will hand thee down stairs,  
And old maidenhood end the sad story.  
For me—long escaped from your trammels— I choose  
To enlist in the new corps of jokers;  
Abandoning Julia, I kneel to the muse,  
And, instead of love-ditties, write croakers. C.

[From the World]

THE PEN.

To Della Crusca.

O! seize again thy golden quill,  
And with its point my bosom thrill;  
With magic touch explore my heart,  
And bid the tear of passion start.  
Thy golden quill Apollo gave,  
Drench'd first in bright Aonia's wave;  
He snatch'd it flutt'ring thro the sky,  
Borne on the vapor of a sigh;  
It fell from Cupid's burnish'd wing,  
As forcefully he drew the string;  
Which sent his keenest, surest dart  
Thro a rebellious frozen heart;  
That had till then defy'd his pow'r,  
And vacant beat thro each dull hour.  
Be worthy then the sacred loan!  
Seated on Fancy's air-built throne;  
Immerse it in her rainbow hues,  
Nor what the Godheads bid, refuse.  
Apollo, Cupid, shall inspire,  
And aid thee with their blendid fire.  
The *one* poetic language give,  
The *other* bid thy passion live;  
With soft ideas fill thy lays,  
And crown with love thy wintry days!

ANNA MATILDA.

THE SLAVES.

ANELEGY.

Lo! where to yon plantation, drooping goes,  
The sable herd of human-kind, while near  
Stalks a pale despot, and around him throws  
The scourge that wakes—that punishes the tear.  
O'er the far beach the mournful murmur strays,  
And joins the rude yell of the tumbling tide,  
As faint they labour in the solar blaze,  
To feed the luxury of rising pride!  
E'en at this moment, on the burning gale  
Floats the weak wailing of the female tongue;  
And can that sex's softness nought avail—  
Must naked woman shrink amid the throng?

O cease to think, my soul! what thousands die  
By suicide, and toil's extreme despair,  
Thousands, who never rais'd to heav'n the eye,  
Thousands, who fear'd no punishment, but there.

Are drops of blood the horrible manure  
That fills with luscious juice the teeming cane?  
And must our fellow creatures thus endure,  
For traffic vile, th'indignity of pain?

Yes, their keen sorrows are the sweets we blend  
With the green bev'rage of our morning meal,  
The while to love meek mercy we pretend,  
Or for fictitious ills affect to feel.

Yes, 'tis their anguish mantles in the bowl,  
Their sighs excite the planter's drunken joy;  
Those ign'rant suff'ers know not of a soul,  
That we enlighten'd may its hopes destroy.

And there are men, who leaning on the laws,  
What they have purchased, claim a right to hold—  
Cursed be the tenure, cursed its cruel cause—  
Freedom's a dearer property than gold!

And there are men, with shameless front, have said,  
That nature form'd the negroes for disgrace,  
That on their limbs subjection is display'd—  
The doom of slavery stamp'd upon their face.

Send your stern gaze from Lapland to the Line,  
And ev'ry region's natives fairly scan,  
Their forms, their force, their faculties, combine,  
And own the vast variety of man!

Then why suppose yourselves the chosen few,  
To deal oppression's poison'd arrows round,  
To gall with iron bonds the weaker crew,  
Enforce the labor, and inflict the wound?

'Tis sordid interest guides you—bent on gain,  
In profit only can ye reason find—  
And pleasure too—but urge no more in vain,  
The selfish subject, to the social mind.

Ah! how can he, whose daily lot is grief,  
Whose mind is vilify'd beneath the rod,  
Suppose his Maker has for him relief,  
Can he believe the tongue that speaks of God?

For when he sees the female of his heart,  
And his loved daughters torn by lust away,  
His sons, the poor inheritors of smart—  
—Had he religion, think ye he could pray?

Alas! he steals him from the loathsome shed,  
What time moist midnight blows her venom'd breath,  
And musing, how he long has toil'd and bled,  
Drinks the dire balsam of consoling death!

Haste, haste, ye winds, on swiftest pinions fly,  
Ere from this world of misery he go,  
Tell him his wrongs bedew a nation's eye,  
Tell him, Columbia blushes for his woe!

Say, that in future, negroes shall be blest,  
Rank'd e'en as men, and men's just rights enjoy;  
Be neither sold, nor purchased, nor oppress'd,  
No griefs shall wither, and no stripes destroy!

Say, that fair freedom bends her holy flight  
To cheer the infant, and console the sire:  
So shall he, wond'ring, prove at last, delight,  
And in a throb of ecstasy expire.

Then shall Columbia's land where laurels twine  
Torn from the bosom of the raging sea,  
Boast 'midst the glorious leaves, a gem divine,  
The radiant gem of pure humanity! D. C.

### CROAKER & Co.

A pleasant and humorous writer has been amusing the public in New-York for some time past, with various poetical effusions upon subjects of local interest, which have been received with approbation. We shall republish a few pieces of his to gratify our readers. The poetry is unpretending; but the versification is smooth, and the ideas are frequently witty. Croaker, jun. bids fair to have as good a reputation in this country, as his prototype Peter Pindar, once had in England.

*To the S\*rg\*\*n G\*n\*r\*l of the State of New-York.*

"Why, Tom, he knows all things—An' it be not the devil himself, we may thank God."

Sage of \*Plandome! to give thy due,  
"Fredonian, Frede and Fredon" too—  
O! M\*ich\*ll, lord of granite flints,  
Doctus, in law—and wholesome dishes;

Protector of the patent splints,  
The foe of whales—the friend of fishes,  
"Tom-Codus"—"Septon"—"Philogobombos!"†  
What title shall we find to fit ye?

Inquisitor of sprats and compost!  
Or Surgeon General of Militia!

We hail thee!—mammoth of the state!  
Steam Frigate! on the waves of physic—  
Equal in practice or debate,

To cure the nation or the phthisic,  
The amateurs of Tartar dogs!  
Wheat-flies, and maggots that create 'em!  
Of mummies! and of mummy-chogs!  
Of brick-bats—lotteries—and pomatum!

It matters not how low or high it is,  
Thou knowst each hill and vale of knowledge,  
Fellow of forty-nine societies,  
And lecturer in David's College—  
And when thou diest—(for life is brief,)  
Thy name, in all its gather'd glory,  
Shall shine, immortal! as the leaf  
Of Delaplaine's Repository.

CROAKER & CO.

\* The name of the Dr's country seat on Long-Island.

† The name given our learned philosopher to the steam ship, upon her being launched during the late war.—Ed. E. P.

### HYMEN'S WEEKLY RECORDER.

#### MARRIED,

By the rev. Francis Rolf, on Tuesday morning last, Mr. Anthony Rasch to Miss Mary Adelaide Fortune.

By the rev. Dr. Abercrombie, on the evening of the 4th inst. Valentine Mott to Miss Louisa D. Munns.

By the rev. Dr. Rogers, same evening, Mr. John Harlan to Miss Sarah West.

By the rev. Dr. Janeway, on the 6th inst. Captain Johnston Skinner to Miss Elizabeth B. Gilbraith.

## Love and Music.

POETRY BY T. MOORE, ESQ.

MUSIC BY N. DE LUCE,

Just Published, and for sale (price 12½ cts.) at No. 272 Market-street, between 8th and 9th streets, and at No. 164 South Eleventh-St. between Locust and Spruce-Streets. A great deduction made to purchasers who buy a quantity to sell again.

### ALSO,

## O STILL REMEMBER ME!

A NEW SONG,

BY H. C. LEWIS;

The Music extracted from Mr. Philipps's beautiful ballad,

ENTITLED

"THE BLOOMING ROSE AT EARLY MORN."

### THE WEEKLY LITERARY & MUSICAL MAGAZINE.

This paper contains 8 quarto pages, printed every Monday. A part, not exceeding 2 pages, is always devoted to Music, and the remainder to useful and entertaining LITERATURE.

TERMS, One dollar per quarter, in advance.

Orders from distant parts, addressed to H. C. Lewis, 272 Market-st. enclosing the amount of subscription, (POST-PAID,) attended to immediately. Philadelphia, Pa., April, 1819.

PRINTERS who publish the above, 3 times every quarter, shall receive the work as paid for, instead of exchange. H. C. LEWIS.